THE MASQVE OF AVGVRES.

WITH THE SEVERAL *Antimasques.*

Presented on Twelfe night.

1621.

BRITISH MUSEUM

The first Antimasque hath
for the Scene,

The COVRT-BVTTRYHATCH.

The Presenters are from Saint KATHERINES.

NOTCH. *A Brewers Clarke.*
SLVG. *A Lighter-man.*
VAN-GOOSE. *A rare Artist.*
LADY. *Ale-wife.*
Her two Women.
Three dauncing Beares.
VRSON. *The Beare-ward.*
GROOME of the REVELS.

NOTCH. COme, now my head's in, Ile eu'n venter the whole. I ha seen the Lions ere now; and he that hath seene them, may see the King.

SLVG. I thinke he may: but haue a care you goe not too high (neighbour NOTCH) least you chance to haue a Tally made of your pate, and be clawed with a cudgell. There is as much danger in going too neere the King, as the Lions.

GROOM. Whether? whether now *Gamsters?* what is the businesse? the affaire? stop I beseech you.

NOTCH. This must be an Officer, or nothing, he is so peart, and briefe in his demands! a prettie man! and a prettie man is a little o'this side nothing. Howsoeuer,

we must not be daunted now. I am sure I am, a greater man then he out of the Court, and I haue lost nothing of my size since I came into it.

GROOM. Hey-da! whats this! A hogshead of beere broke out of the Kings Buttry, or some *Dutch* hulke! whether are you bound? The wind is against you: you must backe: doe you know where you are?

NOTCH. Yes Sir, if we be not mistaken, wee are at the Court, and would be very glad to speak with something of lesse authoritie, and more wit, that knowes a little, in the place.

GROOME. Sir, I know as little as any man in the place: speake, what is your businesse? I am an Officer, GROOME of the REVELS; I may and must aske you.

NOTCH. Be not too mustie Sir; our desire is onely to know, whether the Kings Maiestie and the Court expect any Disguise here to night.

GROOM. Disguise! what meane you by that? do you thinke his Maiestie sits here to expect drunkards?

NOTCH. No, if he did, I beleeue you would supply that place better, then you doe this. Disguise was the olde English word for a Masque Sir, before you were an Implement belonging to the REVELS.

GROOM. There is no such word in the Office now, I assure you Sir: I haue seru'd heere Man and Boy a prentiship or twaine, and I should know. But (by what name soeuer you call it) heere will be a Masque, and shall be a Masque, when you and the rest of your *Comrogues* shall sit disguis'd in the stocks.

NOTCH. Sure, by your language, you were neuer meant for a Courtier, howsoeuer it hath been your ill fortune to bee taken out of the nest young: you are

some

some Constables Egge, some such Widgin of authoritie, you are so easily offended! Our comming was to shew our loues, Sir, and to make a little merry with his Maiestie to night, and wee haue brought a Masque with vs, if his Maiestie had not been better prouided.

GROOME. Who you? you a Masque? why you stinke like so many bloat herrings newly taken out of the chimney! In the name of ignorance whence came you? or what are you? you haue beene hangd in the smoake sufficiently, that is smelt out already.

NOTCH. Sir, we doe come from among the Brewhouses in Saint KATHERINS, that's true, there you haue smoak'd vs (the Docke comfort your nostrils) and wee may haue liued in a mist there, and so mist our purpose: but for mine owne part, I haue brought my properties with me to expresse what I am, the keyes of my calling hang heere at my girdle; and this, the register booke of my function, shewes me no lesse then a Clerke at all points, and a Brewers Clerke, and a Brewers head-Clerke.

GROOM. A man of account Sir! I cry you mercy.

SLVG. I Sir, I knew him a fine Merchant, a Merchant of hops, till all hopt into the water.

NOTCH. No more of that, what I haue bin, I haue bin: what I am, I am. I PETER NOTCH Clearke, hearing the CHRISTMAS Inuention was drawne dry at Court, and that neither the Kings POET, nor his ARCHITECT had wherewithall left to entertaine so much as a Baboone of qualitie, nor scarce the *Welsh* Embassador if hee should come there; out of my allegeance to wit, drew in some other friends, that haue as it were presumed out of our owne naturals, to fill vp the *Vacuum* with some pretty presentation, which wee

haue addreſt, and conuei'd hither in a lighter at the general charge, and landed at the back-doore of the Buttery, through my neighbour SLVGs credit there.

SLVG. A poore Lighterman Sir, one that hath had the honour ſometimes to lay in the Kings Beere there, and I aſſure you I heard it in no worſe place, then the very Buttry, for a certaine, there would be no Maſque, and from ſuch as could command a Iacke of Beere two or three.

VAN. Dat is all true, exceeding true, de Inuentors be barren, loſt, two, drie, vour mile, I know that from my ſelua: dey haue no ting, no ting van deir owne, but vat dey take vrom de eard, or de zea, or de heauen, or de hell, or de reſt van de vier elementen, de place a, dat be ſo common as de benche in de Burdello. Now, me vould bring in ſome daintie new ting, dat neuer vas, nor neuer ſall be, in de rebus natura! dat has neder van de mater, nor de vorme, nor de head, nor de voot, but is a mera deuiſa of de braine ——

GROOM. Hey-da, what HANS FLVTTERKIN is this? what do's this *Dutchman* build, or talke of? Caſtles in the ayre?

NOT. He is no *Dutchman* Sir, he is a *Brittaine* borne, but hath learned to miſuſe his owne tongue in trauell, and now ſpeaks all languages in ill *Engliſh*. A rare Artiſt he is Sir, & a Proiector of Maſques. His proiect in ours, is, that wee ſhould all come from the three *dancing Beares*, a famous Alehouſe in Saint *Katherines* (you may hap know it Sir), hard by where the Prieſt fell in, which Alehouſe is kept by a diſtreſt Lady, whoſe name (for the honour of Knighthood) will not be knowne, yet ſhee is come in perſon, errant, to fill vp the aduenture with her two Women that draw drinke vnder her, Gentlewomen borne, all three I aſſure you.

SLVG. And were three of thoſe Gentlewomen, that

ſhould

should haue acted in that famous matter of *Englands Ioy*, in *fixe hundred and three*.

LADY. What talke you of *Englands Ioy*, Gentlemen? you haue another matter in hand ywis, *Englands Sport*, if you can manage it. The poore Cattell yonder, are passing away the time with a cheat loafe and a bumbard, how will you dispose of them?

GR. Cattell? what Cattell do's she meane?

LADY. No worse then the Kings Game I assure you: Beares of quality and fashion, right Beares, true Beares!

NOT. A deuice, onely to expresse the place from whence we come (my Ladies house) for which we haue borrowed three very Beares, that (as her Ladiship aforesaid sayes) are well bred, and can dance to present the Signe, and the Beareward to stand for the Signe-post.

GR. That is prety: but are you sure you haue sufficient Beares for the purpose?

SLVG. Very sufficient Beares, as any are in the ground: and can dance at first sight, and play their owne tunes, if need bee. IOHN VRSON the Beareward offers to play them with any Citie-Dancers, christned, for a ground measure.

NOT. Marry, for lofty tricks, or dancing on the ropes, he will not vndertake: it is out of their element, he sayes. Sir, all our request is, since we are come, we may bee admitted, if not for a Masque, for an Antick Masque: and as we shall deserue therein, we desire to be returned with credit to the Buttry, from whence we came, for reward; or to the Porters Lodge, for our punishment.

GR. To be whipt with your Beares? Well, I could bee willing to venter a good word in behalfe of the Game, if I were assured the aforesaid Game would be cleanly, and not fright the Ladies.

NOT.

NOT. For that, Sir, the Bearward hath put in securitie, by warranting my Lady and her Women to dance the whole Changes with them in safety; and for their abusing the place, you shal not need to feare, for he hath giuen them a kind of diet-bread, to bind them, to their good behauiour.

GR. Well, let them come: If you need one, Ile helpe you my selfe.

The Dance.

VAN. How like you? how like you?

GRO. Excellaunt. The Beares haue done learnedly, and sweetly.

VAN. Tis no ting, tis no ting, vill you see some ting? Ick sall bring in de groat Turkschen, met all zin Bashawes, and zin dirty towsand Yanitsaries, met all zin Whoozen, Eunuken, all met an auder, de Sofie van Persia, de Tartar Cham, met de groat King of Mogull, and make deir men, and deir horse, and deir elephanten be seene fight in de ayre, and bee all killen, and aliuen! and no sush ting. And al dis, met de ars, van de Catropricks, by de reflexie van de glassen.

NOT. O, he is an admirable Artist.

SLVG. And a halfe Sir.

GR. But where will he place his glasses?

VAN. Fow, dat is all ean! as it be two, dree, viev, vife tousand mile of, Ick sall multipliren de vizioun, met an ander secret dat Ick heb. Spreck, vat vil you heben?

GR. Good Sir put him toot, bid him doe something that is impossible: he will vndertake it, I warrant you.

NOT. I do not like the *Mogull*, nor the great *Turke*, nor the *Tartar*, their names are somwhat too big for the roome: marry if he could shew vs some Country-plaiers strolling about in seuerall shires, without licence from the office; that would please, I know whom.

NOT.

NOT. Or some Welsh Pilgrims.

VAN. Pilgrim? Now you talke of de Pilgrim, if come in my head, Ick vill shew you all de whole vraue Pilgrim o' de vorld: de Pilgrim dat go now, now, at de instant, two, vree, towsand mile to de great Mahomet, at de Mecha, or here, dere, euery where, make de fine Labyrints, and shew all de vraue error in de vorld.

SLVG. And shall we see it here?

VAN. Yau, here, here, here in dis roome, dis very roome: vel, vat is dat to you, if Ick do de ting? vat an Diuell, vera boten Deuill?

GR. Nay, good Sir be not angry.

NOT. Tis a disease that followes all excellent men, they cannot gouerne their passions, but let him alone, trie him one bout.

GR. I would try him, but what has all this to doe with our Masque?

VAN. O Sir, all de better, vor an Antick-masque, de more absurd it be, and vrom de purpose, it be euer all de better. If it goe from de nature of de ting, it is de more art, for dere is Art, and dere is Nature; you shall see. Hochos-pochos. Fabros Palabros.

The second Antimasque.

Which is a perplex'd dance of straying, and deform'd Pilgrims, taking seuerall pathes, till with the opening of the light aboue, and breaking forth of APOLLO, *they are all frighted away, and the Mayne Masque begins.*

APOLLO *descending sings.*

IT is no Dreame, you all doe wake and see:
Behold, who comes! far-shooting PHOEBVS, he

That can both hurt, and heale; and with his voyce
Reare Townes, and make Societies reioyce;
That taught the *Muses* all their harmony;
And men the tunefull art of *Augury*;
APOLLO stoopes: and, when a God descends,
May Mortals thinke he hath no vulgar ends.

Being neare the earth, hee calls these persons following, who come forth, as from their Tombes.

LINVS, and ORPHEVS, BRANCHVS, IDMON, all
My sacred sonnes, rise, at your Fathers call,
From your immortall graues, where sleepe, not death,
Yet binds your powers.

LINVS.
Here.

ORPHEVS.
Here.

BRANCHVS.
What sacred breath
Doth re-inspire vs!

IDMON.
Who is this we feele!

PHOEMONOE.
What heat creepes through me, as when burning steele
Is dipt in water!

APOLLO.
I, PHOEMONOE,
Thy Father PHAEBVS's fury filleth thee;
Confesse my Godhead: once againe I call,
Let whole APOLLO enter in you all,

And follow me.

CHORVS.

We flye, we do not tread,
The Gods doe vse to rauish whom they lead.

APOLLO, *descended, shewes them where the King sits, and sings forward.*

APOLLO.

Behold the loue and care of all the Gods,
King of the *Ocean*, and the happie Iles,
That whilst the world about him is at ods,
Sits crowned Lord here of himself, and smiles.—

CHORVS.

To see the erring mazes of Mankind,
Who seeke for that, doth punish them to find.

Then he aduanceth with them to the King.

APOLLO.

Prince of thy peace, see what it is to loue
The powers aboue!
IOVE hath commanded me
To visit thee:
And in thine honour with my musick reare
A Colledge here
Of tune-full *Augurs*, whose diuining skill
Shall waite thee still,
Aud be the *Heralds* of his highest will.
The worke is done,
And I haue made their *President* thy Sonne.
Great MARS too, on these nights,
Hath added *Salian* rites.

Yond, yond, afarre,
They closed in their Temple are,
And each one guided by a starre.

CHORVS.

Haste, haste, to meete them, and as they aduance,
Twixt euery dance,
Let vs interpret their prophetick trance.

Here they fetch out the Masquers, and come before them with the Torch-bearers along the Stage, singing this full Song.

APOLLO and CHORVS.

Which way, and whence the lightning flew,
Or how it burned, bright, and blew,
Designe, and figure by your lights:
Then forth, and shew the seuerall flights
Your Birds haue made, or what the wing,
Or voyce in *Augurie* doth bring.
Which hand the *Crow* cry'd on, how high
The *Vultur*, or the *Erne* did flie,
What wing the *Swan* made, and the *Doue*,
The *Storke*, and which did get aboue:
Shew all the birds of food, or pray.
But passe by the vnlucky *Iay*,
The *Night-Crow*, *Swallow*, or the *Kite*,
Let those haue neither rite,
Nor part,
In this nights art.

The Torch-Bearers Dance.

After which the AVGVRS *lay by their staues, and dance their Entry. Which done,* APOLLO, *and the rest interpret the Augurie.*

APOLL.

of Augures.

APOLLO.

The ſignes are lucky all, and right,
There hath not bin a voyce, or flight
Of ill preſage.

LINVS.

The Bird that brings
Her *Augury* alone to Kings,
The *Doue*, hath flowne.

ORPHEVS.

And to thy peace
Addes *Fortunes*, and the *Fates* increaſe.

BRANCHVS.

MINERVA'S *Hernſhaw*, and her *Owle*
Do both proclaime, thou ſhalt controle
The courſe of things,

IDMON.

As now they be,
With tumult carried:

APOLLO.

And liue free
From hatred, faction, or the feare
To blaſt the *Oliue* thou doſt weare.

CHORVS.

More is behind which theſe doe long to ſhowe,
And what the Gods to ſo great vertue owe.

The Maine Dance.

CHORVS.

Still, ſtill the *Auſpice* is ſo good
We wiſh it were but vnderſtood;
It euen puts APOLLO
To all his ſtrengths of art to follow

The flights, and to diuine
What's meant by euery ſigne.
Thou canſt not leſſe be then the charge
Of euery Deitie,
That thus art left here to inlarge,
And ſhield their pietie!
Thy Neighbours at thy fortune long haue gaz'd,
But at thy wiſedome all doe ſtand amaz'd,
And wiſh to be
O'recome, or gouerned by thee!
Safetie it ſelfe ſo ſides thee where thou goeſt,
And *Fate* ſtill offers what thou couet'ſt moſt!

The Reuels.

After which, APOLLO *goes vp to the King, and ſings.*

DOe not expect to heare of all
Your good at once, leaſt it foreſtall
A ſweetneſſe would be new:
Some things the *Fates* would haue conceal'd
From vs the Gods, leaſt being reueal'd
Our powers ſhould enuy you.
It is enough your people learne
The reuerence of your peace;
As well as ſtrangers doe diſcerne
The glories, by th' increaſe:
And that the princely AVGVR here, your Sonne,
Doe by the Fathers lights his courſes runne.

CHORVS.

Him ſhall you ſee triumphing ouer all
Both foes, and vices: and your young, and tall
Nephewes, his ſonnes, grow vp in your embraces,
To giue this Iland Princes, in long races.

Here

Here the Heauen opens, and IOVE, *with the Senate of the Gods, is discouered, while* APOLLO *returnes to his seat, and ascending sings.*

APOLLO.

See, heauen expecteth my returne,
The forked fire begins to burne,
IOVE beckons me to come.

IOVE.

Though PHOEBVS be the God of Arts,
He must not take on him all parts:
But leaue his Father some.

APOLLO.

My Arts are onely to obey,

IOVE.

And mine to sway.
IOVE is that One, whom first, midst, last you call,
The power that gouern's, and conserueth all;
Earth, Sea, and *Ayre* are subiect to our checke,
And *Fate,* with *Heauen,* moouing at our becke.
Till IOVE it ratifie,
It is no *Augurie,*
Though vtter'd by the mouth of DESTINIE.

APOLLO.

Deare Father, giue the signe, and seale it then.

The EARTH *riseth.*

It is the suit of EARTH, and *Men.*

IOVE.

What doe these mortals craue without our wrong.

EARTH *with the rest.*

That IOVE will lend vs this our Soueraigne, long.
Let our grand-children and not we
His want, or absence euer see.

IOVE

IOVE.

Your wish is blest:
IOVE knocks his chin against his breast,
And firmes it with the rest.

CHORVS.

Sing then his fame, through all the orbes, in euen
Proportions, rising still from *Earth* to *Heauen*:
And of the lasting of it leaue to doubt,
The power of Time shall neuer put that out.

This done, the whole Scene shuts, and the Masquers dance their last dance.

The End.

For the expression of this, I must stand; The inuention was diuided betwixt Mr. IONES, *and mee: The* SCENE, *which your eye iudges, was wholly his, and worthy his place of the Kings* Surueyour, *and* Architect, *full of noble obseruation of Antiquitie, and high Presentment. The* Musique *compos'd by that excellent paire of Kinsemen, Mr.* ALPHONSO FERRABOSCO, *and Mr.* NICHOLAS LANIER. An sint Musis & Apolline digna,
penes vos esto.

6 OC 62 B. J.